THE

STAG CHACE

IN

WINDSOR FOREST.

A

POEM.

The SECOND EDITION.

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LET others paint the Terrors of the Plain,
The Lion raging and the Tyger ſlain,
Where to her Sons parch'd *Africk* only yields
The fruitleſs Honours of enſanguin'd Fields:
Or where the diſtant *Ganges* ſwells her Tide
With ſpicy Luxury and golden Pride.
Let others ſing the ſportive *Indians'* Toils,
Where wily Pits encloſe their Iv'ry Spoils:
Tell, how the *Tartar* climbs the Mountain's Brow,
And tracks the ſhaggy Bear o'er Hills of Snow.

While beamy Stags the verdant Foreſt grace,
Britannia's Youth ſhall glory in the Chace;
With deep-mouth'd Hounds purſue the Royal Game,
And *Frederick*'s Joys the vocal Hills proclaim;
Fair *Windſor*'s Lawns her antler'd Race ſhall feed,
And all her Foreſt for his Pleaſure bleed.

High in th' ætherial Vault *Orion* glows,
And o'er the Heav'ns a radiant Luſtre throws;
Refulgent ſhines amidſt the ſtarry Train,
By Men rever'd a Huntſman on the Plain:
See *Frederick* thus thro' Tracks of Glory ſteer,
And with diurnal Bounties mark the Year;
To gild for ever Fame's immortal Roll
See Rays of Goodneſs ſtreaming from his Soul.

Ye *Britiſh Peers*, whoſe Sires, for Arms renown'd
The Tomb enſhrines with *Celtick* Trophies crown'd,
Learn with this *Prince*, in Days of Peace, to ſhare
Theſe mimick Toils and Stratagems of War.

Round

Round *Frederick*'s Brows their Crowns let Dryads wreath,
Hence taught to graſp at Dangers, Wounds, and Death.

The *Pontic* Monarch thus, who *Rome* purſu'd
With all the Rage of *Hannibal* renew'd,
Firſt learn'd in Woods to aim the deſtin'd blow,
And now the Lion pierc'd, and now the Foe.

Not leſs, the great *Cambyſes*' greater Son,
Whoſe rapid Conqueſt half the Globe o'errun,
Early inur'd to Sylvan Labours, ſhone
The brighteſt Monarch on the *Perſian* Throne.

O! Guide me, *Somervile*, the Glades among,
Where Stags unharbour'd cheer the rural Throng;
Where the fleet Pack thro winding Mazes trail,
Stretch o'er the Hill, or bruſh the dewy Vale.

Hear

Hear from each Spray the Warblers of the Woods,
Hear from each Rill the Murmurs of the Floods;
Thro' Fields, Waves, Skies, the breathing Braſs
reſounds,
And Concerts ſwell with Harmony of Hounds.

The Pride of *Cambria* to the Chace reſorts,
Enſures our Freedom, as he ſhares our Sports;
With Love repays the Homage of each Swain,
And in each Heart anticipates his Reign.
Not ſuch the Scene, where *Aſia*'s Tyrants Rage,
Where mix with Infant Cries the Groans of Age;
No Guardian of Mankind, no *Brunſwick* near;
For their own Lords no Fruit their Harveſts bear.

Round ſpacious Woodlands, ſee, the Hunters
move,
And brisk Battalions ſhake the quiv'ring Grove.
Now here, now there, in giddy Maze they ride,
And Streams run purple from the Courſer's Side.

Spare

Spare him, raſh Youth, the Sun has far to go;
Steep are the Hills, and wide the Plains below:
Not Strength the Combat gains, nor ſpeed the Race,
Let Prudence rein the Courſer in the Chace.
Forewarn'd in vain! tho' long e'er Evening-Dew,
Repentant Sighs ſhall own this Precept true.

Loud Cries of Dogs the frighted Stag invade,
And drive him ſculking thro' the darkſome Shade:
In vain the Trees their thickeſt Foliage ſpread
To ſcreen from Ruin his devoted Head,
His ſecret Steps while tainted Dews betray:
See there, he ruſhes forth to open Day;
The travers'd Grove reſigns him to his Fear,
And all the Tempeſt pours upon his Rear.
The raviſh'd Sportſmen, kindling at the View,
The bounding Deer with rapid Speed purſue;
O'er *Surry* Hills in moving Landskip riſe
The Steeds, the Hounds, the Huntſmen and the Prize.

So when fam'd *Albion*'s Heroes ſhine in Arms,
The *Gallick* Troops their matchleſs Force alarms;
While from their Lines they puſh the trembling Foe,
The charging Hoſts with double Ardour glow,
The daſtard *Gaul* before the Victor flies,
And wing'd with Horror on his Speed relies.

Hark! how *Camrarius* in loud Wrath complains:
Not arm *Herculean* his fierce Steed reſtrains;
He rails indignant at the Rebel's Force,
Snatch'd from his Hope, the Pleaſure of the Courſe.
While languid *Bellmour*, mindleſs of the Rein,
Is laid inglorious on the duſty Plain;
In Gold and Azure prides himſelf no more,
His Glory ſunk in Duſt, and Sweat, and Gore.
But *Emma*'s Fears his Shame and Grief control,
And ev'ry Tear recalls his fleeting Soul;
That Imag'ry of Woe, the melting Eye,
The heaving Boſom and the riſing Sigh,

Silence,

Silence, that ſpeaks the Paſſions as they move,
Proclaim the Triumps of ſucceſsful Love.
Thus from his Car the Son of *Theſeus* fell,
Thus *Dian* rear'd him from the Gates of Hell.

But who is He, inrich'd with ev'ry Grace,
He, who the youthful Train outſtrips in Chace,
With temper'd Zeal to Eve from Morning-Dawn
Skims o'er the purple Heath and Scours the Lawn?
Whether to Studies or to Sports reſign'd,
Urg'd by the vivid Impulſe of the Mind,
Talbot in Arts no more Precedence yields,
Than in th' unrival'd Glories of the Fields.
O! Thou, whoſe Juſtice calm'd the Widow's Fears,
Made Miſery ſmile, and dry'd the Orphan's Tears,
Thou, whom *Minerva* bleſs'd with all her Store,
Till Eloquence and Virtue were no more;
Tho' Thee, now wrap'd in Night's eternal Veil,
Sad *Themis* mourns and trembling Drops her Scale;

And

And thy lov'd *Craven* with that Paſſion burns,
Which ever with his Country's Woe returns;
Yet in thy Race ſhall Heav'n thy Cares reward;
Thy Sons adorn the State, thy Counſels guard.
Trees to their Buds increaſing Honours owe,
Spread with the Branch, and with the Bloſſom glow.

See *Sylvia* riſes from her bow'ry Grove,
Not leſs the Boaſt of Virtue than of Love.
Her Waſte the Ringlets of her Hair entwine,
Artleſs as Tendrels curling round the Vine.
Her Eyes impartial give an equal Grace
To ev'ry lovely Feature of her Face.
The Palfrey mild her ſilken Rein obeys,
Rates ſmoothly on, and with the Snaffle plays.
Thus on the ſhining Wave when *Venus* rides,
And with a gentle Gale its Motion guides,
Wide o'er the Deep celeſtial Beauties blaze,
Neptune in Silence loves, and *Tritons* gaze.

Ye *Britiſh Fair*, who all my Soul inſpire,
Whoſe Charms tranſport me, and whoſe Beauties fire,
By Nature and the Graces form'd to pleaſe
With ſprightly Manners and attractive Eaſe,
Attend my Song. O! leave the *Park-Parade*,
The Noon-day *Tea*, the Midnight *Maſquerade*;
Nor Town, nor Toilet to the Chace prefer:
Here Health unbought ſmiles with the Morning-Star,
Brisk rolls the Tide of Life, and mantling high,
Blooms in the Cheek, and ſparkles in the Eye.

To ruſſet *Swinley* from the Mountain's Height
The hapleſs Stag precipitates his Flight.
A Gleam of hope deludes his anxious Breaſt,
That natal Land ſhall ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd:
If natal Lands refuſe to ſooth our Grief,
Ah! where can Miſery expect Relief?

Nor Space, nor Speed evades the fleet-heel'd Train;
An hundred Meads are interpos'd in vain,
Hills riſe in vain to check their rapid Force,
And Torrents roar to intercept their Courſe.
Invaded Realms no longer own his Sway,
Friends ceaſe to love and Subjects to obey.
So when wreck'd Sailors deem their Danger o'er,
Rebounding Billows drive them from the Shore.
Abandon'd thus, the faithleſs Herd he flies,
And wounds an alien Land with plaintive Cries,
Where *Arran* ſhuns the ſervile Pomp of State,
And ſilent mourns an exil'd Brother's Fate:
Here may his Life be lengthen'd to our Prayers,
And number Ages, as it numbers Years;
While Plains rejoice, and grateful Peaſants know
To count their Bleſſings as his Minutes flow.

What Charms are equal to the ſylvan Scene,
O *Digby*, in thy much-lov'd Shades ſerene?

In

In Fields remote thy Worth demands my Lays,
Of ev'ry Clime, of ev'ry Tongue the Praiſe.
No Guilt infeſts thy *Sherborn*'s peaceful Gloom,
No inward Tempeſts hurls thee to thy Tomb.
What heav'nly Tranſports thy whole Life engage,
By Years unſhaken on the Verge of Age!
Whilſt to thy Hopes thy Children's Children riſe,
Great by Example, and by Precept wiſe.

The Stag, when now the furious Clamours ceaſe,
Bleſſes the viſionary Realm of Peace;
On diſtant Plains his weary Limbs reclines,
And in the Arms of Reſt his Cares reſigns.
O! To the Future blind, this fatal Hour
Thy reeking Heart ſhall hungry Dogs devour;
Their winding Courſe unerring Huntſmen lead,
Whilſt Hands and Voice revive their ſinking Speed.
So when we think the ſmother'd Flames expire,
And vanquiſh'd from the threaten'd Roof retire,

Deſtructive Blaſts with treach'rous Fire ſurprize,
And ſtrait the Dome in ſmoaky Ruin lies.

Now to a Point the ſtruggling Huntſmen ſteer,
And ſcatter'd Parties ſwell th' inglorious Rear.
In wild Deſpair the Prey with faultring ſtrides
Heaves o'er the Meads, where ſlow *Lodona* glides;
Here envies more the Natives of the Flood,
Than all the ſtately Rangers of the Wood;
The finny Race thro' liquid Regions ſtray,
And undiſturb'd in ſportive Freedom play;
While pendant o'er the Stream, he views, forlorn,
His Image on the floating Mirrour born;
His falling Creſt, his clotted Limbs declare
That Beauty cannot ſave, nor Vengeance ſpare;
In conſcious Grief the reſtleſs Billows riſe,
Swoln with his Tears and trembling to his Sighs:
To Shades remote *Lodona* glides away,
And in repeated Murmurs chides his Stay.

For now the fierce Relays his Life invade,
Renew the Chace, and eccho thro' the Glade.
The loaded Gales to Blood and Glory call,
Hound rivals Hound to triumph in his Fall.

Urg'd on at length by the relentleſs Foe,
He ſeeks a Refuge in the Flood below:
The Swains from diſtant Cotts the Lake ſurround,
With Tumult, Tranſports, Death the Shores reſound.
Brave *Cocles* thus, unable to engage
The Force of Legions, and *Porſenna's* Rage,
Plung'd in the Stream the madding Hoſt defy'd,
And all the War rebellow'd to the Tide.

Like low'ring Clouds that wait the Winds
Command
Frown on the Waves and ſadden all the Strand,
The ſcowling Pack a-while the Gulph ſurvey,
Then ruſhing Headlong bear upon the Prey;
Still as he ſinks into the watry Bed,
Their baffled Rage redoubles on his Head.

See, how he plies his oary Feet with Pain,
Scarce can his Head its cumb'rous Pride ſuſtain:
Anxious he doubts a wretched Life to ſave,
Or cloſe this laſt of Toils beneath the Wave;
Death in his Rear, and Horror all before,
He fronts the dreadful Thunder of the Shore.
Hemm'd in, like *Ajax* with the *Trojan* Bands,
Single the Mark of num'rous Force he ſtands;
With all the Madneſs of Revenge he burns,
And Wounds for Wounds in conflict dire Returns.
Vulcan and *Hector*, valiant Chiefs, aſſail
His claſhing Beams, and his proud ars'nal Scale;
Then the laſt Refuge of Diſtreſs he tries,
Too Credulous, to human Mercy flies,
Bewails the Wrongs and Inſults of the Plain;
Tears, Innocence and Juſtice plead in vain:
He ſinks; from ruthleſs Hands condemn'd to feel,
Deep in his guſhing Throat, the fatal Steel.
Now ſee his breathleſs Corſe ſhall Vengeance take
On faithleſs Friends that could a Friend forſake;

His Blood ſhall infant Hounds to fury train
Lay waſte the Herds, and ſpread with Death the Plain.
Learn from his Fate, how dang'rous to excell;
The faireſt of the Herd a Victim fell.

O! *Windſor*, who can trace thy Wonders round?
The Skies alone thy ſpacious Foreſt bound:
As *Denham* paints, we ſee thy Landskip glow,
And peaceful *Thames* thro' ſylvan Graces flow:
But when immortal *Pope* thy Honours ſings,
At once the Pleaſure and the Pride of Kings,
With laſting Bliſs on ev'ry Scene we dwell,
Which only his Deſcription can excell.
Leaſt baleful Envy blaſt thy Poet's Fame,
Shade with thy friendly Bays his injur'd Name:
When Death ſhall o'er his mortal Part prevail,
And with him Reaſon, Wit, and Honour fail,
Still grateful to his Shade, reward his Verſe,
And ſpread thy aged Cypreſs o'er his Herſe.

Long may thy Plains, in endleſs Beauties loſt,
Unrival'd charm, the Huntſman's Joy and Boaſt.
Ye ſacred Oaks, that hoary Temples crown'd,
When the Steer bled, and Altars blaz'd around;
When Prieſts with meaſur'd Dance, with myſtick
Lay
And riſing Incence hail'd the God of Day;
Still ſhall our Iſle thoſe awful Stores revere,
In Peace her Glory, her Defence in War.
When Time ſhall Fame to *Britiſh* Annals bring,
When all the Prince ſhall brighten in the King;
He ſhall o'er ſubject Seas extend his Reign,
And claim in Storms the Empire of the Main;
His Fleets command, where e'er the Ocean roars,
And Nations tremble from a thouſand Shores.
So, when the rocking Battlements above
Denounce in Thunder the high Will of *Jove*,
And pointed Lightenings ſudden Vengeance pour,
The Sons of Earth fall proſtrate and adore.

Let others, whom falſe Happineſs beguiles,
Their Honour ſacrifice to Stateſmen's Smiles,
Where Friendſhip from the Heart no Current knows,
But, like the *Volga*, freezes as it flows:
While Nature can my Lamp of Life ſupply,
Here let me guiltleſs live, contented die;
And dying ſtill to thee my Relicts truſt,
Proud that my Aſhes mingle with thy Duſt:
Let Zephyrs pure my ſtraiten'd Lungs diſplay,
And gently waft me to the Realms of Day;
Yet oh! Let Honour guide me to that Shore,
And Virtue furniſh one *Elyſium* more.

F I N I S.